BARIUM MESSENGER

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME FOR THE INFORMATION OF IT'S FRIENDS

VOL. VI. BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE 1929 Number Ten.

Farm - Campus

"Whoa! Whoa! You can't tear up this new ground like a ground hog," says Jim Lucky to his pair of trusty steeds, Queen and Rody. This new ground plowing and grubbing is getting to be a hard job, but we farmers manage to keep it going like Thomas Laffe Edison Donaldson keeps his Fordson tractor running.

Well, fellows, Mac Walton and Freddie Edwards have started to work because they've discovered that an idle brain is the devil's workshop.

All of us will be glad when Friday, May 31 comes, because we will get out of school. We hope that everyone makes his grade in school.

It looks like we have a big job to work with while the corn is growing and that is our 125 acres of wheat, barley and other grains combined. We have 50 acres of corn that we are now working on besides putting up hay. We have plenty of work to do at this time.

John Lee has been discharged from carrying water because of his drinking it all before getting to the field. This job has ben handed down to George "Mun" Savage.

We never have much sadness on the farm as a rule, but this month is an exception to the rule. Mr. Troy Cavin, our able farm boss, is down with the appendicitis. However he has been operated on and is recovering nicely up to the present. We will all be glad when he will be able to come back to work. Mr. Stimson, the foreman, has been taking his place in his absence.

We have quit chopping wood because the mules object to it. They say they ought to have some exercise so they are breaking up the soil daily.

We are glad to have Mr. Bob Nesbit back at work with us again. He has just recovered from an injury which resulted from a fall off our new shed while putting the top on it.

Bill Perry has been discharged from being the office boy, because of his defrauding the U. S. Mail. You can not see Bill unles he has his mouth closed.

Ab—"Why didn't they play cards in the ark?"

Bob—"Because Noah sat on the deck."

——P. O. H. ——

Music Program Features Last Meet Of Music Club

The Saint Cecilia Music Club held its last regular meeting of the year Saturday afternoon, May 11, 1929. The meeting was called to order by the President and the Secretary gave the number of the last meeting and had a roll call. For several reasons there was a small attendance. After the following program was rendered, there was a music contest and refreshments were served.

"Sunshine of Spring" ..... Allene Bixby
Dorothy Thomas
"Impromptu" ..... Rheinhald
Mary Brown
"Melody of Love" ..... Eggleman
Avis Archer
"To a Water Lily" ..... MacDowell
Edna McMillan
"Minuet" ..... Paderewski
Alice Craig
"Hunting Song" ..... Gurlitt
Marguerite Gaskill
"Butterfly" ..... Merkel
Grace Henry

——P. O. H. ——

Laundry

What's that? Oh yes, this is the laundry. You say you have a basket of clothes waiting for the truck? Be right over. All the girls as well as the machinery, are working mighty fast for vacation. One week and then Whoopee

Our line up is as follows:

Grace the fattest; Fannie the slimmest; Ruth the tallest; Rachel the shortest; Abbie the wittiest; Eloise the brightest; Mozelle the cutest; Elsie the pretiest; Bobbitt the dumbest.

Of course Miss Ford is the most industrious of us all.

The seniors will be leaving soon and then most of us will be going around with red eyes.

Gee, but we hate for them to leave.

We have a new washer and we want you all to see if the clothes aren't cleaner than usual. The athletic association went to Lookout Dam Saturday and all reported a good time. Chautauqua's coming soon and we know it will be just as good as it was last time.

"Team work and Cooperation" 'is our motto, so we'll stop here and give the others a chance. More news next time.

Saecula ad Saeculorum

——P. O. H.——

What Worried Him

Lady (at theatre, to man in seat behind)—"I hope my hat is not worrying you."

The Man—"It is worrying me a lot—my wife wants one like it."

Table of Receipts for May

Standing of Support Fund at End of Second Month of Church Year. Amount Due to Have Been Received at This Time 25c. Per Member---Total Amount $18,068.00. Amount Actualy Paid is 6 1-2c ---a Total of $4,689.21

PRESBYTERIES	MAY Receipts	Amount per Member	Amount Behind per Member	Am'nt. Behind Last Year
Orange	$1,106.55	11c.	13¾c.	20¾c.
Winston-Salem	$ 231.78	7c.	14½c.	17½c.
Granville	$ 146.91	3c.	17c.	21c.
Mecklenburg	$ 952.06	6c.	18c.	20¾c.
Albemarle	$ 189.49	5½c.	18¼c.	18¾c.
Concord	$ 444.52	4c.	19½c.	17½c
Kings Mountain	$ 228.65	4½c.	20c.	16½c.
Wilmington	$ 294.98	4c.	21c.	18¼c.
Fayetteville	$ 274.57	2½c.	22c.	20¼c.
SYNOD,	$3,869.51	5.3c	18.6c. behind	19.5c. behind

¶ EXPLANATION The revenue from the churches needed for the arphanage for the year amounts to $107,000—an average $1.50 -per church member, or 12½ cents per month This table shows each month the contributions by the Presbyteries and how far behind or ahead they are on this schedule. The last column shows for comparison the standing a year ago. This does not mean that only $1.50 is expected from any member, but is used in reporting on large groups like a Presbytery.

A little elementary arithmetic on the above statement and Table shows you that we are running about $13,500 short in our Support Fund for this New Church Year.

If you care to look into the matter further, you may begin to wonder just how that minus quantity is carried along until the more or less prolific outpouring around Thanksgiving.

Well, there are two ways—one is to use up reserves that may have been carried over from the previous year—or second—to go in debt.

Now before you can use any reserves you must have the reserves to use and before you can go in debt on the scale the above figures indicate you have to have a fairly decent credit.

This Institution has never been able to pile up any reserves of consequence however desirable such a situation would be, but it has enjoyed an excellent credit in the immediate past. This good credit was based on the fact that though we did go in debt at times, we always managed to pay up during the twelfth month.

Now unfortunately the situation is different. A slump of $17,000 in revenue from the churches of the Synod for the year just closed, has forced us to carry over unpaid bills of that amount, and we are now finding it difficult and extremely embarrassing to carry on the work of the Home.

We wont try to enlarge on the above, but leave it to you to visualize the situation. We want to leave with you this one thought.

This is written on June 1st, a day when the vacation spirit seems to be in the very air. Schools are closing, teachers and students alike are looking forward to a rest of some kind, maybe just a change.

Nearly everybody who reads this will take some sort of vacation during the next hundred days, maybe it will be just a part of a vacation, stopping part of your work, if no more than keeping up fires and carrying out ashes.

Now somehow the business of Administration of this great Institution here doesn't seem to ever have a vacation. The business of receiving applications, of investigation, of receiving new children doesn't have a letup. The daily business of feeding, clothing, looking after the health and happiness of the larger number that are always here, doesn't let up for even a part of a day. The very business of arranging vacations and outings for 300 children is no light summer occupation in itself.

Crops must be worked and harvested, buildings renovated and repaired. You might get tired just thinking about it all.

None of this has seemed a burden. The daily association with so many young people, somehow manages to keep a person pretty well pepped up—but there is one duty of administration that is wearing; it lowers a person's morale, it changes everything into a rather discouraging uphill climb. This is the business of putting off creditors, borrowing and renewing at the bank and no relief in sight.

Please give us a vacation from that one duty. Barium Springs must keep going, the Church has placed it here, and gathered this large family of children here. We can't be untrue to either the Church or the children.

The financial load must be carried by the Church some time, some way! It is easier to do it now!

Infirmary

Well, here we are again, but we haven't any news and not much time to write any.

Everybody is doing their spring cleaning and studying for exams. We only have about three more weeks of school and then we can go on our vacation.

The seniors put on a good play Friday night. Everyone enjoyed it and know we will miss them when they are gone. Some of the larger boys sang for us between the acts and we want them to sing again for us.

Everyone was glad to hear our pastor, Mr. Brown, preach for us again and we hope he can preach for us all the time now.

Hope everyone is enjoying the strawberries as we are.

We are expecting to have pretty flowers if the weather stays as pretty as it is today.

Miss Hannah took her Sunday School Class to Turnesburg on a picnic. Everyone reported a good time.

Synod

Well here we are again, happy, and gay. And just to think that two more weeks in school and then we have our own way. No more books and no more teachers till next fall and that would hurt our feelings if we were to talk of that.

All of our boys are going to be in commencement. We think that Joe Savage ought not to be in the play because his voice sounds like a rooster, doesn't it?

A few boys in Synod are going to go on vacations, and there is a lot of fussing who is going first, we think they need a judge up here to stop them.

Some of our boys are going in the swimming pool soon, and all have had a conversation over it. Some say they will dive off the top board, and others don't believe them on telling the truth.

One day one of the boys said, "I'm going to dive off the top board. And Willard Dry said, "Boy you just think you will, the water doesn't look tempting to make it easy on you."

And now we will say goodbye for a while, and hurry on our way.

Billy Martin

Commencement Program Of Barium High School, May 31-June 3rd

Our 1929 Commencement went off with clock work precision. Even the Weather Man arranging the rainfall so as not to interfere with any of our exercises. On Sunday morning, Dr. James F. Hardie of the Second Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, preached the Baccalaureate sermon and this was most thoroughly enjoyed. It was Dr. Hardie's first visit to Barium, and we hope he liked us as well as we liked him. He brought with him our good friend, Mr. J. C. Crowell, and each of these men brought a daughter, also. Mr. Crowell doesn't often visit us at Barium Springs, but the things he has helped do here make him an ever welcome guest. It was through Mr. Crowell's generosity and zeal that we now have a swimming pool. He has been the Orphanage Champion in the Second Church for several years and we believe the very generous way in which this Church remembers us in their offerings is in no small part due to his able work. We were most delighted to have him and his pastor with us Commencement.

Sunday night, Rev. C. P. Coble of the First Church High Point, preached the sermon to the Young People's Societies. Mr. Coble is an old friend of the Institution, and is pastor of a church that is outstanding in its relations to this work. It is the first time we have had the pleasure of hearing him speak. His message was timely and inspiring, and we hope that we may have him again to bring us a message.

Monday morning, Class Day Exercises were carried off and this year, the Class departed quite materially from the usual run of Class Day performances. It was thoroughly enjoyed, not only for its uniqueness, but for the able way in which the Seniors carried it off. The rest of Monday was spent in getting ready to go.

And on Monday night at 8 o'clock, a very large crowd gathered in the New School Auditorium for the final exercises. The Salutatory Address by Louise Squires; the Acknowledgement of the Diplomas by Robert Pittman, and the Valedictory by Letha Copeland were all up to standard. We had the very great pleasure of hearing Dr. Gammon of Myers Park Presbyterian Church who delivered our Commencement Address. Dr. Gammon is also a new comer, but he brought us a message that fitted us so well and was just the thing we needed, so that one might think that he had been with us a long time.

We hope all three of our visiting friends who spoke to us at this Commencement will come to us often. We could only see a little bit of them, and they could only see a small part of our work here. We want to know more of them and for them to know more of us.

The medals and awards were as follows: The Ace Medal for the most consistent effort from the time of entry into the Orphanage until graduation, was won by Sara Coates. The High School Scholarship for the highest mark in the High School, was won by Alice Craig of the ninth grade with an average for the year of 96.4. The Scholarship Medal, for the grades was won by Rhoda Jones of the Fourth grade with an average for the year of 97.5.

The other leaders of their respective grades and their averages were as follows:

First Grade, Walter Motte, 95; Second grade, Charles O'Kelley, 95.8; Third Grade, Leila Johnston, 96.1; Fifth grade, T. L. O'Kelley, Jr., 96.2; Sixth grade, Myrtle Johnson, 94.6 Seventh grade, Marion McCall, 95.8; Special Primary, Lavada Lambert, 90 Special Intermediate, Mack Walton, 85.3; Special Elementary, Gladys Duke 87.9; Eighth grade, Louise Cavin, 94.8 Tenth grade, Katherine Kerley, 93; Eleventh grade, Letha Copeland, 89.3.

The Sixth Grade spelling prize was won by Phyllis Morgan, with Herbert Blue taking second prize. The Bible Medal won by a member of the graduating class for the highest average in Bible and for completion of the necessary memory work, was won by Letha Copeland.

The prize given by Mr. Privette for the best work in school, including, deportment, to any boy of the Alexander group, was won by Herbert Blue, with an average of 95.9.

One event that is always looked forward to at Commencemnt is the awarding of two watches. This custom was originally started by Mr. E. L. Jackson who offered a watch each to the boy and girl showing the most consistent work and improvement during the year. After Mr. Jackson's death, the Association of Certified Public Accountants donated these watches for two years. This year a friend in Statesville made possible the donation. These watches were won by Charles Owens of the eighth grade for the boys, and Esther Archer of the tenth grade for the girls. A pen given by Miss Irene McDade of the fifth grade for the one showing most improvement in penmanship in the fifth grade, was won by Grace Christenberry. The boy and girl in the third grade given prizes for the best reading by their teacher, Mrs. R. L. Johnson, were Clayborne Jessup and Leila Johnston.

One silent and most well behaved participant in all of the graduating exercises was the Mascot, Pleas Norman. He carried his part with just the right mixture of dignity and interest. He listened to the long speaches, he clapped at the proper times in the giving of awards and was perfectly content to receive a piece of chewing gum as his reward for his part of the program.

Our graduating class numbered nine. Just about the usual sized class. There was rather striking difference, however, in one feature of our Commencement and that was the rendering of the song by the Junior Class, the Senior Class of next year. This Class is so numerous that they filled the entire back part of the stage, there being twenty- one. All promoted and all very likely to graduate.

We are looking a little bit into the future, but next year promises to break all records for all time in the matter of a graduating class at Barium Springs.

Coming back to our graduating Class for this year. Clarence Clark has departed for his old home near Bolton, North Carolina. William Hudson, for a brief visit to Dunn, his old home, after which he will take up work in Salisbury, North Carolina. Robert Pittman has departed to the city of Durham. John Hunt for a brief stay in Greensboro. He will settle either in Greensboro or Rocky Mount.

Louise Squires has gone to Greensboro. Elma Roderick to Winston-Salem. Odessa Warner to Charlotte. Sarah Coates to Greensboro, and Letha Copeland remains at Barium Springs. Letha will work here during the summer and will go to Flora McDonald in the fall.

It will be a good many days before we can get used to doing without this present graduating class. Their places will be hard to fill, not only in the various activities of the campus, but in our hearts. We will think of them and our prayers will go with them wherever they may go and we believe the world will be better for their being in it.

Friday Night

While the stage is being set and the way cleared for the Seniors to have their day, the Music Classes and the Grades showed their wares Friday night.

The Kindergarten also had a large part in this and the night was one huge success.

The songs, dances, and instrumental pieces were all good, and everybody seemed to enjoy, including the performers.

Keep your eyes on these young performers. Before you know it, they will be reaching out for diplomas.

Teacher Receives a Note

"Dear Teacher: Kindly excuse Jimmy for being absent yesterday. He fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother."

Annie Louise

Just two more weeks of school, and then vacation. My, but won't we have a time!

It won't be long till we can go in swimming. We surely are planning to have a big time.

Nancy Parcell, one of our girls, went home to spend the day with her mother the other week.

We surely did enjoy the sermon that Mr. Brown preached Mother's Day. We were mighty glad to have him with us again. We have missed him very much.

Miss Anita Ghigo has come to spend about a month with her mother here. We are glad to have her with us.

We have been lucky, not any girls at the infirmary.

The strawberries taste mighty good we have been having lately, and the best part about it is that we get all we want.

BARIUM MESSENGER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PRESBYTERIAN ORPHAN'S HOME

JOSEPH B. JOHNSTON, *Editor*

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Important Announcement

It just occurred to us that possibly our MESSENGER was commencing to get just a little bit stale; that we ought to introduce a few new features to make it readable, since it has been some time since we had letters from our readers giving vent to their enthusiasm as we did have when we first started publishhing this paper.

Now, every newspaper and magazine has a comic strip and continued story. We do not believe we can put in the comic strip, although we might at that. We may have to put in potographs of ourselves occasionally to make up for this lack. We have decided to have a diary. The purpose of this diary will be to record the outstanding event of each day of the month. Different ones will keep this diary. The same one that does it this month may not next month, so that we will get the advantage of the different viewpoints from time to time.

Now about the fiction. We have decided to run continued stories in the MESSENGER for two reasons. One is, we believe that you will like this, and it may make you look forward with a little more pleasure and keen anticipation to the coming of the paper each month. It might make you want to save old copies—who knows.

That's one reason. Another is that when we write editorials and news articles we are held down to the truth always, and we feel sometimes that the amount of fiction in our bones is increasing so that it might accidentically creep into an editoriall, so that we are going to unload all of this fiction in one big dose, to clear the atmosphere like a thunder storm.

Now, we don't know what's going to happen when this explosion takes place. It may be that the Saturday Evening Post or Colliers, or the American Magazine may read our article and want to amalgamate with us. It may be you will read it and want to annihilate us. Anyway, we have a large amount of nice adjectives, nouns and verbs and we are going to sling 'em together and see what it looks like.

Our first story commences with this issue. We are having so much difficulty selecting a name for it that we believe we will leave that off this first month. Don't miss this first installment, as it may be the best.

We think you will like Peckerwood Bones. We are sure you will like Jim Sassafras. You may admire Jerry Simpson, and be puzzled somewhat about him and you may fall in love with the girl—there is a girl in it. She is in the background, so to speak, but she swings a mean racquet, what I mean, and if it hadn't been for her there wouldn't have been but one chapter to the story.

We are going to put the name of the story to a vote, and the second installment will carry the name.

We will call this first installment "Bloody Moon". This is appropriate, because it has to do a little bit with moonshine and it was certainly bloody.

All set. Let's go!

School

MERIT ROLL FOR APRIL, 1929

First Grade—Nancy Parcell, Richard Moore, Roy Townsend, Mary Penn Lindsay.

Second Grade—Nelson Farmer, Alice Jones, Freida McIntosh, Alice Pittman.

Third Grade—Melvin Ayers, John Donaldson, Sarah Forte, Margaret Hendricks, Clarence Link, Jane Lyons, Ray Norman, Eugene Shannon, Hattie Townsend, Lugene White, Wilma Dry.

Fourth Grade—Elmer Beaver, Woodrow Clendenin, Irene Forte, Jessie Harris, Fred Lowrance, Billie Martin, Edna Marlow, Ralph Spencer, Carmet Sigmon, George Spencer.

Fifth Grade—Mary Beaver, Ernest Clark, Leone East, Cheek Freeman, Mary Belle Lee, Marjorie Lee, Edward McCall, Hattie Morris, A. D. Potter, Joy Stone.

Sixth Grade—Herbert Blue, Tom Clark, Harry East, Morris Freeman, Graham Long, Phillis Morgan Dorothy Thomas.

Seventh Grade—Lucile Beck, Joe Keenan, Boyce Morgan, Jeanette Steele, Mary Latham West.

Special Primary—Bessie Kennedy, Eva Mae Benfield, Ray Clendenin, Norman Lee Potter.

Eighth Grade—Herman Clark, Jim Johnston, Lucile Long, Eula Lee Walton.

Ninth Grade—Lorena Clark, Louise Wilson.

Tenth Grade—Rachel Dowless,, Katherine Kerley.

Honor Roll For Ninth Month 1929

First Grade
Walter Motte
Helen Thomas
John Ellis
John Cole McCrimmon

Second Grade
Fred Boyd
Miller Blue
Hugh McCrimmon
Charles O'Kelley
Phillippina Salvaggio

Third Grade
Claiborne Jessup
Leila Johnston
Frances Lowrance
Edmonia Steele
Effie Lee Marlowe

Fourth Grade
Rhoda Jones
Alberta Wadsworth
Clara Wadsworth

Fifth Grade
T. L. O'Kelley, Jr.
Miriam Saunders

Sixth Grade
Margaret Brooks
Myrtle Johnson
Bruce Parcell

Seventh Grade
Marian McCall
Mildred Thomas

Special Primary
Lavada Lambert
Ernest Morrow
Daniele Salvaggio

Eighth Grade
Louise Cavin

Ninth Grade
Alice Craig

Eleventh Grade
Letha Copeland
Louise Squires

Starting In This Issue, "Bloody Moon"

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF '29.

Sara Coates

JOHNSTON *County's contribution to this year's Class. Whatever she tries and wherever she starts, we know she will arrive. It is a habit. We wish there were more Coates.*

Louise Squires

THE *baby of the Class, but with brains enough for a real grown-up. A Stenographer if you want to know—and how. Greensboro is where she hailed from and where she is headed for.*

Clarence Clark

THE *old gentleman. In his youth, he arrived with his family from Bolton. He has been springing a surprise a year since. We will also miss him in football and track.*

Letha Copeland

FROM *the Sandhills, and headed for Flora McDonald. Nobody ever saw her in a hurry, but she is generally there when the others arrive. The Valedictorian, by the way.*

John Hunt

MOVIE *Operator extraordinary, he has spent lots of time making our fun. We will miss him. Greensboro sent him here which makes us like Greensboro.*

Robert Pittman

THIS *boy is high-minded. He has done most of his growing in one direction. As a little boy he tried to grow as fast as Durham, his home town, and almost did. He has talents and talent.*

William Hudson

ORIGINALLY *from Dunn, he has been doing something ever since. He started little, but has made a name for himself in lots of ways. We will miss him in Athletics.*

Elma Roderick

DURHAM *is to blame for this. She has been away from there so long, however, that her hair has turned white. She knows how to do lots of things. Remember the name, you may hear it again.*

Odessa Warner

THE *nearest approach to Red hair that the Class has. She carries plenty of the determination that generally goes with Red hair. From and to Charlotte.*

Howard

Hello Folks: Just two more weeks of school and then vacation. Don't you know we are happy? It has been so cool that it does not seem time for school to close. We hope it will get warm when school is out or else we can't go in swimming.

We certainly do thank the folks who gave us the frozen peanut bars. You should have seen us enjoy them.

We thank Mr. Tomas and his boys for the nice strawberries they have been giving us every day.

We have been having some beautiful roses in our garden. One day Irene Shannon was looking at the different flowers in the garden and she found a hollyhock and she said, "Oh Miss Woods here is an alcohol." This same girl went to help put flowers in the church one Sunday. When she came back Margaret asked her where they put the flowers. She said, "we put one on the piano, one on the table and one in the ressurrection (she meant the baptismal bowl.) Irene likes flowers if she can't always get the names of things straight.

The seniors gave a play last Friday night and we surely did enjoy it.

We wish every one could come to our commencement which is to be May 31th to June 3rd. We believe that we are going to have a good program and we know you would enjoy it.

No more until next time.

Phyllis Morgan

———P. O. H.———

LOCAL PEOPLE FROM RAEFORD VISIT BARIUM SPRINGS

On last Friday Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McLean, Mrs. Sallie Cameron and Mrs. Ryan McBryde motored to Salisbury where they visited Rev. E. Alexander, a former pastor of all the above. Before leaving Raeford Mr. McLean committed grand larceny by procuring a number of copies of The News, which he exhibited to Mr. Alexander. On Saturday the party went to Barium Springs and visited Rev. W. C. Brown and went through the orphanage where they saw 360 young folks. One little fellow named Dick McQueen Parrish from Red Springs, aged four, repeated all the names of the books of both the New and Old Testament for them.

Friends of Mr. Brown will be pleased to learn that he is improving. He had his tonsils removed this week and is getting along nicely. —The Hoke County News

STOP! LOOK! BEWARE!

"BLOODY MOON"

A Continued Story Beginning With The June Issue Of Barium Messenger And Will Be Published Consecutively

During the fall of 1910 there happened in Birmingham, Ala., an event that led to the most amazing consequences in two peoples lives at least.

According to the newspaper account at the time, this event was only an attack made on a storekeeper by several men arising from a disputed account, and the storekeeper was saved from a serious consequences by the interference of a woman clerk.

A few days after the fight another news item appeared to the effect that the aforesaid storekeeper, Jerry Simpson was back at his store with hardly a scar to show for his ghastly looking wounds of a few days previous.

Altogether a rather humdrum everyday piece of news, but as sometimes happens, it covered a most interesting series of events that would have deserved front page space for several days if the papers had caught it. That they did not catch it was partly their misfortune, and partly their fault. The papers seemed reluctant to give too much prominence to the affair. For instance, they failed to say that the store was located in a very prominent place, under the very shadow of the Brown Marx Building, they failed to comment on the fact that three men should have become sufficiently incensed within one minute after entering store to attack the proprietor, that a very large, but apparently deaf policeman stood in the door of the store idly eating peanuts and gazing out into the street during the whole performance. That with all that law and order, blocking the only outlet the three assailants made a clean getaway.

After the lapse of a decade we are not influenced by the conditions that may have made for reticense on the part of the press, and besides now, all the evidence is in, and we can give the story fully.

At that time there was a club in Birmingham called the Calabash Club, a non-political, purely social organization, having as one rule of membership, that every applicant should have been at least one year at some accredited college. About the only time this club was mentioned in the papers was in the writeups of their monthly suppers. Each of these had grown to be quite an event. On one night each month the club gave a formal dinner to which a guest from each of the various social, legal, and religious organizations of the city were invited. A speaker for the evening, selected from their own number on a subject of his own choosing was the principal event of the program, following of course, by extemporaneous responses from the guests.

Two of the members of this club were a man known as Buck Gray, and Jerry Simpson. Simpson was the son of a Presbyterian minister and graduate of a small college in another state. Gray was a product of the slums of Pittsburg, a graduate in the ways of the underworld, when at the age of twenty or there-abouts, his wonderful strength and speed caught the attention of a coach of one of the western universites.

Arrangements were made and Buck became an earnest student, in art and blacksmithing at this university, but not startling the nation as a brilliant scholar, and devoting his time and talents to football. From the physical side Buck was perfect, but there simply couldn't be drilled into his head that clean fair spirit of a real sportsman that makes all sports worth while. For instance, if on an opposing team there was an outstanding star, Buck's mind simply would not function in showing him ways to outplay him, but concentrated on the quickest and most effective method of getting him knocked out.

He became a great player, but never was a popular one, and the lack of affection and praise that he saw showered on his teammates. soured his disposition still more. After leaving college he was attracted to Birmingham by the stories of this miracle city, and soon became first a member of the Calabash Club, and later the owner of two very profitable barrooms. On the advent of Prohibition these saloons became in name soft drink stands, but in reality continued to sell the hard variety. One of these saloons was just a few doors above Simpson's store.

While Gray's oversight of the two grog shops was generally known, still because they were not actually run under his name, he assumed a respectability he was very jealous of. With all his wealth, his influence, with the police department, his political pull, probably the thing he valued most was his membership in the Calabash Club, where he could rub shoulders with the upper crust and be on terms of apparent good fellowship with men of real culture.

Jerry Simpson big, jolly, can best be described by a bare mention of his activities. His means of livelihood was his store, a small hardware and sporting goods stand. His daily pleasures, boys.

He had organized and was a member in the "Elder Brothers" band, an enthusiastic member and supporter of the Y. M. C. A., and devoted all his spare time in working with this or that group of boys. Although about twenty-five years old, his name whereever the boys foregathered was "Old Jerry."

While in no sense an orator, he could speak very entertainingly on a subject he was interested in.

Much to Jerry's surprise he was chosen as speaker for the Calabash monthly supper in September, and owing to his popularity, practically all of the 200 members were present and every invited guest was there.

As the night of the supper brings us to the action in our story we will dispense with the character study and start the reel.

The toastmaster had just made his short introductory and Simpson was on his feet waiting for the applause to stop.

Without very much preamble the speaker launched into his subject, "Our Principal Asset." He briefly enumerated the marvelous resources of that miracle portion of the globe where iron, coal, and limestone are bunched as if the Creator had designed the very spot for the making of steel. The remarkable growth of the city was touched on, and then brought his audience upstanding by saying that there was one more asset, by comparison with which all the others amounted to mere trifles. "The one asset above all others that is going to make this a great city and a fit place to live in, is the rising generation of young men now in our schools.

"Don't think for one holy moment you old-timers, that you amount to such a much. You probably have a big bank account, and have a hand in affairs generally, but your big day is over. Soon the spot on the sea of life now decorated by your high flying self, will be marked by a fast disappearing ripple. And the most you can expect in the way of an epitaph from the then doing class, "He was a good old scout, but let's go from here".

"Gentlemen, compared to that freckled-faced little Ike that probably wiggled his fingers at you when your car sailed by his lowly bicycle, is so much bigger than you, that it is well you don't realize it, you might feel sorry for yourself. Soon the reins will be in his hands and you will be the old croaker, telling to deaf young ears the way you used to do it."

"The only way we do loom large is in the way we cast our influence around this rising generation. They are going to run things, but it is given to us in a large measure to say whether they shall run them right or wrong.

"And, gentlemen, right here, let me say we are doing the most damnable foolhardy things that Satan himself could have hatched up." And then followed a bitter arraignment of the wholesale violation of the liquor laws. All of the natural eloquence of the man, speaking on a subject very near his heart, was put into this. He described the wagon-loads of beer and case-goods without any attempt at concealment, going by his store every day, the absolute lack of restraint in the sale of whiskey—mere children being allowed to enter and purchase.

During all this his hearers had at first greeted him with expectant smiles. They felt that they were going to be entertained. These smiles gave way first to looks of embarrassment, such as men feel when a fellow of their own kind, lets them into his soul; this was followed by that rapt attention that is the goal that all orators strive for and so seldom get. Then in a silence that could almost be felt, he exploded his bomb.

"Gentlemen, all that I have said is but a poor effort to make you realize our crime in putting this illegal temptation in the way of our youth, and I say our crime because we are doing it. A man, a member of this so-called cultured body, owns and profits by the two largest grogshops in this town. This man, Buck Gray, in utter contempt of the law of the land and in defiance of every dictate of right, but only for the dirty dollars it brings him, clothes himself with the respectability of this club, and because we stand for it we are in just that much his partners in crime.

"Mr. President, I move, you, sir, that before we are one hour older, we put curselves right in this matter, that we expel this man, Buck Gray, from this club. Don't confuse this motion with a polite request for resignation; it is a motion to expel so that our fellow-citizens may know how we stand."

Yells of "second the motion" from all parts of the dining room, then calls for the question, and the president put the motion, and was greeted by a storm of ayes.

A commotion near the door caused all eyes to turn in that direction. There stood Gray, his legs apart, his arms describing a half circle, his body bent forewards, the pose of a football tackler. The man's eyes were closed to mere slits and if ever a countenance spelled hatred his did.

He launched into a profane tirade against Simpson and the club, in his excitement using the language of his boyhood.

After a few moments of this, Simpson broke in with "Let your feathers settle, my wild Irish Gray, for this is only the beginning. You have been run out of the club, but I am not going to stop till you are run in the penitentiary."

Simpson's allusion to Gray as a Irish Gray was so apt that it brought a titter from several who caught it. Gray's attitude, his disleveled arms, drooping coat tails, hook nose, looked like nothing so much as a grotesque caricature of a winded game cock. The man's whole appearance would have been ridiculous but for the murderous glare from his eyes and the snarl into which his mouth was drawn.

Nothing could have put the finishing touch on his humiliation so completely as the smothered laughter at his appearance. With a muttered curse he turned and rushed out of the building.

So much for the events of the night of the supper.

The next day at three o'clock in the afternoon, during a lull, when the one customer then in Simpson's store was preparing to leave, three men sauntered in. Two of these men looked tough their short necks, big ears, and generally battered up faces, proclaimed the pug, but as Simpson's stock of sporting goods attracted such customers often, he always got to inquire their wants.

The foremost man nodded his head to the third, an undersized, black-eyed man, dressed most carefully, but with one shoulder so much higher than the other that it gave him the appearance of a hunchback.

To Simpson's amazement and consternation, this man held an automatic in his hand and the business end pointed at his (Jerry's) stomach.

"I just wish to call your attention to this little plaything," the man was saying, "and to let you know that any outcry from you will cause it to speak." His precise, even tone, and lazy attitude, leaning against the counter, belied the look in his eyes, and the evident earnestness of the threat.

Before Jerry could take in the significance of all this, the two other men rushed him from each side. Now Simpson was a big powerful man, and his body was in good physical condition, but as to defending himself from two such trained bruisers that now set upon him, he was as helpless as a schoolboy. Besides, the first blow against the side of his head all but stunned him.

In less than a minute from the beginning of the onset, Jerry was down on his hands and knees with blood streaming from his nose, mouth, and from numerous cuts on his face. Twice one of the thugs swung at his face a vicious kick with huge hob-nailed shoe, but each time missed his aim by the swinging form of the stricken man. He was maneuvering for a final knockout, when an interruption came.

Julia Jimmison from her little cubyhole of an office, had heard the commotion, and in her usual unhurried way, slipped out of her alcove to investigate. While Julia's actions always seemed deliberate, her mind was nimble. With one glance she took in the brutal beating up of Simpson, the little dressed up man leaning against the counter. Her sharpe glance did not miss the gun in his hand, and before her mind could form the query "How can such a thing happen in broad daylight?" she saw the answer.

An enormous policeman was standing in the door of the store and completely blocking it, and his back was toward the fight. Julia's line of vision went beyond the policeman to the other side of the street. There she saw Buck Gray, cigar in mouth, one thumb in vest, the other hand up palm out, as though signalling.

In a fraction of the time it has taken to read this, Julia had caught the significance of these things and as she realized that she alone could render any aid to her employer, that any other help was out of the question a rage took possession of her and the fighting blood of her Norse ancestry rose up and transformed the gentle Julia into a fighting machine.

Grasping the first thing her hand touched—a tennis racquet—she darted down the store but behind the counter.

At the opening nearest the combatants she charged through, and here stood the man with the gun. Before he could swing his weapon on her, a magnificent backhand stroke full in the face, nearly lifted his head from his ill-matched shoulders and laid him dazed across the counter. As every tennis player knows, a fully executed backhand puts one in position for a Lawford stroke, and the big brute, maneuvering to get in his fatal kick, put his ugly mug in position to receive the stroke. Seeing that the man's purpose was to murder but added strength to the girl's arm, and the heavy racquet fairly sung on its way to meet the vicious face with its cutting impact. The man's nose was broken and nearly torn from his face, and as far as that fight was concerned he was through.

The other thug, seeing himself so suddenly alone, made a desperate lunge for the pistol dropped by the little man, and for his pains received a blow from the edge of the racquet on the back of his head that made him forget everything for the time being.

With all three assailants temporarily hors de combat, Julia being a woman, turned her attention to her unconscious employer. The man was almost unrecognizable, his face was one mass of blood, streaming from cuts that laid bare his cheek bones, his forehead, three of his front teeth were out, and for a moment Julia thought he was dead.

In her fear she ran to the telephone and called a dcotor from the Empire building just down the street.

Running back to the injured man, she wiped some of the blood from his mouth and on the doctor's arrival in a few minutes, helped him place Jerry on the counter.

Not till then did she think of looking around for the assailants. There was no trace of them anywhere, nor of the big policeman.

Obeying an instinct Julia closed and locked the door, and then gave all her attention to the doctor. For two hours they worked, making as good a job as possible out of the terrible wreck that was once good looking Jerry Simpson. The Dr. Davidson, a good friend of Simpson's, and fully acquainted with the way he lived, discussed with Julia the best thing to be done.

"We can send him to a hospital here for treatment but he will never look like anything. Or we can send him back to Atlanta to Dr. Anderson, who can fit the puzzle back together, and have him as good looking as ever in the course of a few months."

"But doctor," replied Julia, "can he stand a trip like that in his condition."

"Tomorrow, no; today, yes," said the doctor. "And let me see, a train leaves on the Seaboard Air Line at 6:00 P. M. that reaches Atlanta about 10:30."

"If that is the best thing, get him on that train," urged Julia and started to the phone.

Dr. Davidson had already put in a call for the ambulance, and while they were discussing the question of taking Simpson to Atlanta, it drew up at the door.

Julia called up the Terminal station and by good luck secured a state room on the 6 o'clock train.

Dr. Davidson glanced at his watch, and noticing that it lacked ten minutes of five, started to the door to prepare the ambulance for the patient. Just as he unlocked and opened the door a tattered little newsy pushed by him and would have darted into the store, if the doctor had not seized him by the collar.

"An' what's biting youse," grunted the youngster. "I just got a note for the skirt indicating Julia with a jerk of his hands.

Julia came running forward, and took the note from the boy's hand, and hastily read the paper.

"What is the matter?" asked the doctor, seeing her turn pale.

For answer she handed him the note. This is what he read:

"When a lady with one hand, so to speak, knocks out three grown men, in three seconds, she has my admiration. Not wishing you to meet any sudden bad luck, I am warning you not to ride in the ambulance with that unfinished Irish stew named Simpson. In fact, it will be bad luck for anyone to be near him until the funeral.

(Signed) From One of Your Devoted Tennis Balls."

"What do you make of that?" asked the doctor.

"Just one thing," replied Julia. "They mean to finish the work I interrupted."

At this moment Simpson groaned and flung his arm off the counter. Dr. Davidson hastened to him and found him regaining consciousness. A dreadful nauseau took possession of the wounded man and required the attention of both to do for him.

(To Be Continued).

Doctor—"Sit down sonny, you have shown good manners long enough."

Small boy—"It isn't good manners, doctor, it's a boil."

Lottie Walker

2nd FLOOR

Now don't you know how eagerly we are looking forward to the time, two weeks hence, when books can be put carefully away for the summer? We must keep the dust off them because they will be used again next fall!

There is a tinge of sadness when we think of how we will miss those dear friends of ours—the Seniors, and our love and best wishes go right along with them as they leave us and we wish them all the best things of life.

We are all very happy over having our beloved pastor Rev. W. C. Brown with us again last Sunday when he preached our "Mother's Day" sermon. This was the first time we had heard him since before Christmas, and it was a happy day for all of us.

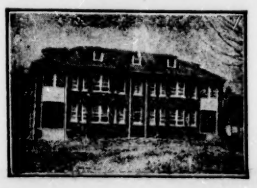
We are thankful that we haven't had much sickness among the children this spring even though we have been having such wonderful strawberries twice every day. With so many of us to eat them there is not much chance for anyone to get too many and if there was—the thought of Miss Moore (our nurse) coming towards you with that big table spoon? Well you just feel like you don't want to eat too much of anything!

We have just had the spring meeting of the Regents and most of the Cottages did spring cleaning last week so as to be ready for them but they didn't even have time to look us over. Discouraging isn't it?

We are busy practicing for our various plays for Commencement. The real hard work is getting ready for final exams and thats what we must go to right now so good-bye.

—P. O. H.—

Baby Cottage



Seems we have something interesting going on all the time at Baby Cottage. At present, and for two weeks past, the boys have been painting the walls, and oh what fun it is to the baby boys to watch them sling the big planks and drag the wooden horses around and listen to them whistle and talk loud and the best part to us is—we do not have to go to bed in the afternoon. We like to be kept awake!

We have been enjoying the strawberries very much and will be sorry when they are gone; still we know we'll have something else good then.

We are all barefooted now and while it's worlds of fun, we have to walk easy, 'cause little feet get pricked often and we can show Mrs. Herman lots of places to put medicine on, that means extra petting.

Our youngest baby is Paul Burney. He talks lots and very fast, and hardly anyone understands a word he says. Yesterday he said, "I drove out in my big car and passed everybody on the highway." Wasn't that big talking for our littlest baby?

The Twin Billings had a grand visit to Salisbury. Mrs. Murphy came for them to visit the ladies in her circle. When they came back they were laden with all kinds of packages, good eats, playthings, pretty dresses and new shoes. My! We thought they were lucky little girls and wished we were twins too. However we all have so much done for us we know we are fortunate to live at the Baby Cottage.

Some very beautiful and grand ladies from Durham came by our Cottage, and we admired their dresses, jewelry, handbags and corsages, so much. We most picked them to pieces like real bad little folks might do though we are told to "just look on and keep hands off" by our matron and the big girls, who try hard to teach us good manners, but we are just little folks and good people make allowance for our forgetting.

Rhoda Daniels and Evelyn Coppedge mothers were here recently—and Sarah Parcell's sister and aunt, Mrs. Fraley, came,—then Sarah had a trip one afternoon to see her folks. We all get rides in Mr. Johnston's big car real often—fact is, we go out quite a bit! None of us have been sick for a long, long time, isn't that the best news we have told in this letter? We think so. But before we close letter, we want to tell you Billy and Twin McCalls (Jack and Tom) had a visit from their beautiful Aunt Betty from New York, and Jack and Tom have talked of her every day since. She was mighty fine! We hope she'll come back.

Support

A Lenoir Church Friend	20.00
Front Street S. S.	7.62
Winston-Salem 1st. Church	150.00
Rock Branch S. S.	55.16
Morven S. S.	5.32
Pineville S. S.	5.13
Rockingham S. S.	43.87
Aux. Culdee	8.00
Parmelee S. S.	9.00
Aux. Rocky Mt. 1st.	10.00
Sanford S. S.	12.00
Cann Mem. S. S.	1.55
Concord Iredell Church	6.50
Trinity Ave. S. S.	15.17
West End S. S.	4.97
Wilmington 1st. Church	125.00
Ashpole S. S.	6.34
Vass S. S.	7.80
Sugaw Creek S. S.	108.00
Montpelier S. S.	8.61
1st. Church Gastonia	125.00
Aux. Howard Mem.	16.50
Aux. Lumberton	45.00
Charlotte 2nd. Church (Regular)	150.00
Charlotte 2nd. Church (Special)	28.00
Alamance Church	26.32
Asheboro Church	12.48
Bethany Church	3.26
Bethel Church	11.15
Bethesda Church	.23
Broadway Church	9.00
Buffalo (G) Church	18.75
Buffalo (G) Aux.	56.40
Buffalo (L) Church	2.25
Buffalo (L) S. S.	5.85
Burlington 1st.	63.75
Eno Church	5.52
Euphronia Church	4.95
Fairfield Church	1.00
Graham Church	49.80
Greensboro First Church	573.29
Greenwood Church	2.78
Hawfields Church	22.74
Farmville Church	.98
Bessemer Church	6.55
Little River Church	1.50
Mebane Church	11.34
Hillsboro Church	17.00
Leaksville Church	5.02
Milton Church	5.00
North Eno Church	2.00
Piedmont Church	.46
Pleasant Garden Church	1.43
Sanford Church	27.95
Shiloh Church	6.40
Speedwell Church	4.55
Aux. St. Andrews	.45
Westminster Church	80.15
S. S. Durham 1st.	15.00
Aux. Westminster	12.00
Little Joe's S. S.	2.81
New Hope S. S.	5.90
Warrenton S. S.	1.85
Lumber Bridge S. S.	3.42
Clarkton S. S.	9.98
Rowland S. S.	8.86
Lexington S. S.	15.53
Thyatira S. S.	1.12
Circle 2, Alamance	7.50
Men's Bible Class, Rocky Mt. 1st	6.59
Bethel Church	3.15
St. Andrews Church	38.00
West Avenue Church	9.00
McPherson S. S.	4.63
Moment Class, Raleigh First	20.25
Men's Bible Class, Westminster, Charlotte	10.25
Wm. and Mary Hart Chapel	12.00
Cramerton S. S.	2.70
Wilson S. S.	36.19
Vanguard Class, Washington 1st	30.00
Int. Dept. Immanuel	5.88
Aux., Westminster, Charlotte	25.00
1st Church Charlotte	450.00
Aux. Caldwell Mem.	3.75
Bethpage Church	5.48
Gilwood Church	2.52
Hickory Church	20.14
McKinnon Church	9.37
Patterson Church	11.70
Prospect Church	3.51
Salisbury 1st Church	50.20
Shearer Church	.19
Shiloh Church	.75
Unity Church	1.84
Hickory S. S.	47.91
Prospect Aux.	.45
Rockingham S. S.	13.09
C. E. Norwood	2.50
Shelby Church	45.68
Girl's Circle Pineville Aux.	1.00
Marion S. S.	8.50
Iona S. S.	6.50
Pocket S. S.	2.75
Bethesda S. S.	25.00
Clarkton S. S.	12.37
Jacksonville S. S.	7.00
Myers Park Church, Mrs. Geo. Wilson, Sr.	50.00
Reidsville Church	7.00
Little River Church	5.00
Aux. Mt. Pisgah	2.00
Mt. Airy Church	15.00
Mocksville Church	3.27
Aux. Winston-Salem	25.00
Ebenezer Church	.38
Flat Rock Church	11.89
Danbury Church	1.50
Dakotah Church	.75
Dakotah Aux.	.75
Hickory 1st Church	50.50
Four Square Class, 1st Vanguard	4.10
Buffalo (G) S. S.	17.00
Aux. Leaflet	5.00
Long Creek S. S.	2.68
S. S. Southport	5.85
S. S. Henderson	8.26
Mt. Zion Church	13.00
S. S. Concord 1st	121.69
Aux. Rocky Mount 1st	10.00
Aux. Washington	12.00
Aux. Howard Memorial	6.00
W's. B. C. Salisbruy 1st	10.00
Whitevile S. S.	5.76
Ashpole S. S.	6.40
Aux. Bethpage	2.00
Aux. Rocky Mt. 1st	16.00
Aux. Charlotte 2nd	45.00
Front St. S. S.	10.15
Young Men's B. C. Statesville 1st	39.81
Mocksville S. S.	7.71
Glenwood Circles 1-2-4	3.00
D. V. B. S. Clarkton	2.14
Elise S. S.	.52
Hopewell S. S.	3.00
Rock Branch S. S.	76.34
S. S. Rocky Mt. 1st	20.66
Wilmington 1st Church	70.00
Camerton S. S.	3.04
Elmwood S. S.	2.46
Circles 1-2-3 Durham 1st	12.00
West Ave Church	11.64
Little Joe's S. S.	3.29
Men's B. C. Cramerton	16.67
Aux. Beth Car	3.00
Kenly Church	.97
Raleigh 1st. Church	61.88
Trinity Ave Church	3.13
1st. Vanguard Church	4.80
S. S. Varina	3.00
Gruver Mem. Church	.60
New Hope S. S.	6.34
Morven S. S.	5.00
TOTAL, - - -	$3,869.51

———P. O. H.———

Clothing Money

Correction

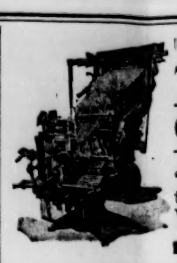
Auxiliary Hickory, March 15th, sent $25.00 through Church Treasurer which was for clothing and not support fund as entered.

Aux. Gilwood	22.50
Aux. Bethesda, Mt. Ulla	10.00
Aux. Mt. Olive	22.50
Aux. Kinston	3.50
Aux. Rocky Mount	45.00
Aux. Shiloh, Raeford	3.50
Aux. Grove	15.00
Aux. Waxhaw	5.00
Aux. Howard Mem.	160.00
Aux. Howard Mem., Mrs. Mabry Hart	5.00
Aux. Howard Mem., Mrs. C. A. Johnson	20.00
Euphian S. S. Class, St. Andrews Wilmington	3.50
Aux. Westminster, Greensboro	10.00
Aux. Centre	22.50
Ramah Ladies Soc.	4.50
Beg. and Pri. Dept. Washington	3.50
Aux. Hamlet	22.50
Jr. C. E. Mallard Creek	22.50
Aux. Pinetops	22.50
Aux. Oak Plains	22.50
S. S. Morganton	22.50
Phil. Class, Tenth Ave.	3.50
Aux. Spray	15.00
Aux. Yanceyville	22.50
Kate Lewis B. C., Greenville 1st	18.00
Aux. Warrenton	20.00
Mrs. W. A. Sharpe, Greensboro	5.00
Aux. Godwin	2.50
Aux. Circle 3, Highland	2.50
Aux. Carthage	22.50
Sr. C. E. Tenth Ave.	17.50
Aux. Red Springs	75.00
Aux. Graham	22.50
Aux. Mt. Olive	3.00
Edna B. Cathey, Oxford, Pa.	25.00
Cameron S. S.	15.00
Spencer B. C. Charlotte 2nd S S	3.00
Aux. Maxton 1st	24.25
Aux. Jonesboro	20.00
Class 10 N. Winston S. S.	22.50
Aux. Farmville	25.00
Aux. Lincolnton	40.00
Aux. Church of Covenant, Wilmington	25.50
Aux. Trinity Ave	25.00
Aux. Sanford	50.00
Aux. Providence	3.50
Aux. St. Andrews, Wilmington	25.00
Aux. Stanford	2.50
Aux. Olney	3.00
Aux. Davidson	22.50
Aux. New Hope	9.50
Busy Girls Circle, Church-By-Side-The-Road	5.00
Aux. Quaker Meadow	15.00
TOTAL, - - -	$1,058.75

——P. O. H. ——

saac: "Oi, Oi, der vedding invitation says, R. S. V. P. Vot does it mean?"

Jacob: "Ach, such ignorance! Dot means bring Real Silver Vedding Presents."



The Pi Counter

"From the Hand that Keeps the World Informed"

SWIFT AND SLOW

Let me be swift to hear
The word of Grace Divine;
Let me be slow to speak
Of any good of mine.

Let me be swift to see
My faults, and just my own;
Let me be slow to make
The sins of others known.

Let me be swift to go
On errands gracious, kind.
Let me be slow to serve
A will to self inclined.

Let me be swift to learn
The art of self-control;
Let me be slow to yield
The fortress of my soul.

—Annie Creelman, in (Nashville, Tenn.,) Kind Words.

———P. O. H.———

To be good is noble, but to teach others how to be good is nobler—and less trouble.—Mark Twain.

A colored laborer, doing a hauling job, was informed that he could not get his money until he had submitted an itemized statement. After much meditation, he evolved the following bill: "3 comes and 3 goes at 4 bits a went.

——P. O. H.——

Gifts

Elkin, Aux., 32 qts. fruit and vegetables.

Durham, Intermediate Christian Endevor Society, one scrap book.

Mocksville, Mrs. Thos. B. Bailey, Route 3, New Century Reference Library-8 volumes.

Lansing, Presbyterian Church, two sacks of dried fruit.

Maxton, Circle 4, First Church, one quilt.

Wilmington, Mrs J. D. Beatty, box clothing.

Mooresville, Sixty dozen Frozen Peanut Bars. Mooresville Ice Cream Co.

——P. O. H. ——

Clothing Boxes

Maxton, Midway Auxiliary, one box

Wilmington, St. Andrews Euphian S. S. Class, one box

Kinston, Aux., one box

Fayetteville, Highland Church, Circle 3, one box.

Greenville, E. C. T. Class, First Church, one box.

Mount Olive, Stanford Aux., one box one box.

Salisbury, Circle 8 First Church, Waxhaw, Aux., one box.

Charlotte, Tenth Ave. Phi. Class, one box.

Calypso, Aux., one box.

Lowell, Covenant Aux., one box

Statesville, Pri. Department, First Church, one box.

Salisbury, Circle 7 First Church, one box.

Mount Olive, Berean Bible Class, one box.

Charlotte, Spencer Bible Class, Second Church, one box.

Greensboro, Busy Girls' Circle, Church By The Side of the Road, one box.

Mathews, Providence Aux., one box.

Mt. Gilead, Miss Ruth McRea and Friends, ten aprons for small girls.

Vacations

And now, for vacations! We are enjoying the Redpath Chautauqua along with our Commencement, and the numbers that we have been privileged to see certainly stack up with the performances of former years.

One performance that the younger children were most interested in was that of the Magician. It just appeared to everybody that this man could read what people were thinking, and this might appear wonderful at any other time of the year but right now. As we walk around the campus and look into the faces of the boys and girls that are here, it isn't any trouble at all to read just exactly what they are thinking. In fact, you wouldn't get time to do much tellepathy or clairvoyance or whatever it is, because they will come right out and tell you what they are thinking about, and this is: "When can I go on my vacation?"

As the end of school approaches each year, we feel that just as soon as school is out, we can heave a sigh of relief and relax. That"s because we haven't been thinking about vacations. As soon as school is out, we are so busy arranging vacations for children here there and everywhere, (and it is quite a little job, too, to do all this) that before the summer is half over, we are wishing that school would soon start and vacations be over so that we could relax, and of course then, when school starts we have to get busy with the numerous details connected with that, and commence to wish for school to end again. Such is life! And since the kids get such a big kick out of vacations, we don't suppose ther is any use for grown folks to kick about it. The Railroads and Bus lines must like it too, and that brings up one other thing. We have heard people at times complain about lack of courtesy on the part of Railroad Employees and Bus Employees. We want to say in their defense, that since our connection with Barium Springs, we have never found any evidence of this anywhere. We can take a load of cildren turn them over to an absolutely trange conductor, and invariably find that he will carry them half way across the state, look after their wants and give them the most careful and cheerful attention, and at the end of their time bring them back to us, safe and sound.

If there is such a thing as surlyness and discourtesy anywhere in the railroad and bus employees, they certainly save it up for somebody else besides us. The children come back from their vacations with most wonderful tales of the kindnesses done them by the conductors and other employees of the railroads.

———P. O. H.———

"It's the little things that tell," said the co-ed as she yanked her kid brother from under the sofa.

"What is the difference between a wedding and a funeral."

"Well, at a wedding you can smell your own flowers."

DIARY OF PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME

May 1st.

Alfalfa ready; also clouds ready to spill.

May 2nd

Alfalfa cutting.—Rain.

May 3rd

Track Meet at Winston-Salem.

Formation of 100lb Conference.

May 4th

Visitors—fun.

May 5th

A delegation from Davidson Y. M. C. A. conducted service.

Rain stopped the walks.

May 6th

Swimming Pool opened for business—Zowie!

May 7th

Quite a number treked to Charlotte to see May Day exercises at Queen's. A Barium graduate was Queen.

May 8th

Making hay, but the sun not shining.

Mr. Privette's tonsils cutting up.

May 9th

Sheep-shearing!

Catching up the rainy day jobs.

May 10th

Last track meet—a victory over Piedmont Junior High of Charlotte.

Senior Play—a grand success.

May 11th

Tennis Tournament starts.

Good picture show.

May 12th

Rev. W. C. Brown preached—his first sermon since his illness. Rejoicing.

May 13th

Regents, committees, and visitors. And the sun shining.

May 14th

Regents meeting—eleven present.

May 15th

Starting pasture fence; cows getting their summer vacation.

May 16th

Sewing Room girls have Picnic.

Mooresville Ice Cream Company distributes about a thousand Eskimo pies and how.

There was no twelve baskets-full of fragments left.

May 17th

Working new ground corn—Ho hum.

Teaching the calves to be stylish and to use their underpass.

Clara Bow in "Children of Divorce" and a comedy on tonight.

May 18th

Track Meet between Alexander and Lees Cottage Boys; Lee's victorious.

May 19th

Mr. Brown preaches again today.

Davidson Conference delegates chosen—2 Boys and 2 Girls.

May 20th

Just more rain.

May 21st

Matrons' Meeting.

Fire drill organized.

Votes cast for Ace Medal in Senior Class.

Morganton Visitors.

Mr. Cavin, Farm Boss, had his appendix removed at Davis Hospital.

May 22nd

When the Cows come home! 5 cows and 7 calves from McDonald Farm come to make their home at Barium.

Prayer Meeting.

Birthday Dinner—"A Fried Chicken dinner with all the fixings."

May 23rd

Small Kiddies go to Statesville and ride on merry-go-round etc. Excitement? Well, rather.

Fire drill in some of the cottages tonight.

May 24th

Junior-Senior picnic at Catawba Fishing Club.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture "The Cameraman."

May 25th

Music Club Picnic.

Track Meet—Lees and Alexander vs Jennie Gilmer.

Rumple Hall Girls go in swimming pool.

May 26th

Mr. Brown preaches today.

P. Y. P. L. disband for summer.

Rain during night.

May 27th

Final Cram begins!—Putting into heads this week the things that should have been put in during the past ten months.

May 28th

More cows arrive from McDonald Farm.

Mrs. Ramsay, President of Mitchell College, a visitor and dinner guest.

May 29th

Prayermeeting.

One more day.

May 30th

Last day of School! Whoopee!

Last rehearsal for all Commencement programs.

Picture show: Buster Keaton in "College."

Chautauqua opens in Statesville.

Warm weather today.

May 31st

Clean up day in schools.

About 100 children visit Chautauqua this afternoon.

Hot today.

Grade program tonight, very good.

———P. O. H.———

Sewing Room

Boom! Another country heard from. Splash! (tears) Here is Commencement time again and every one is commencment to cry because we don't have much longer to go to school and our beloved Seniors are leaving us. Their presence as well as their big mouths will be missed especially in the Sewing room. Best of luck goes with each one of them.

The sewing room girls enjoyed a beautiful rainy evening at the river last Saturday. Every one got wet except "Toka", Elma and Edna, and they jumped in the river.

The Athletic Association had a lovely time at the Lookout Fishing Club House, a picnic given by Mr Culbreth. We (the girls) certainly did appreciate the presents given by Mr. Culbreth and thank him very much. We also thank Mr Johnston, Miss Patterson and others who planned it

The Juniors are planning to entertain the Seniors for their last time Friday evening.

We are very glad to have Mr. Brown back and to have him preaching again for us.

The girls are playing a tennis tournament now. Wonder who the winner will be!

Mac is just now learning to do the Charleston and Letha is giving the music, the latest, "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby."

At the supper table Doris Slate said, Esther, I saw where you sat up straighter than any other girl up here in the annual."

"Where did you see that?"

"In the Ideal girl it had Esther Archer "Sweetest Disposition."

We have Exams Tuesday and O'boy won't we be happy when they end Thursday.

We are looking forward to have a good Commencement. So Come. Goodbye.

Miscel. Support

F. P. Tate, Morganton	6.00
A Fayetteville Friend	6.00
Dr. Wilbert Jackson, Clinton	8.33
A Friend	182.34
A Friend, Barium	2.50
G. S. Richardson, Greensboro	45.00
Mrs. David J. Craig, Statesville in lieu flowers L. D. Souther land	5.00
Mrs. Mary I. Crawford, Buies Creek	10.00
Flora McDonald College Y. W. C. A.	42.95
A Friend for Prizes	20.00
TOTAL, - - - -	$328.12

BARIUM ALUMNI HERE FOR COMMENCEMENT

Among the visitors on the campus during commencement were the following:

Mrs. Annie Belle (Williams) Dauser, Cumberland, N. C.; Armigene Roderick, Winston-Salem; Louise and Margaret McMilland, Durham; Thelma Shaffer, Angelina and Hilda Bernardo, Charlotte; Irvin Squires, Greensboro; Thad Brock, Walter Beattie, Davidson College; Edith Johnson, Catherine Price, Charlotte; Robert Estridge, Charlotte; Mildred Miles, Atlanta, Ga.; Rachel Moore, William Warlick, Statesville.